This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

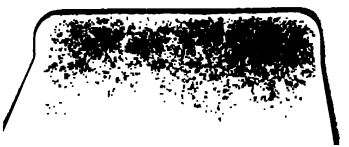
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

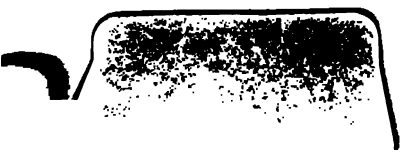
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

MERCY
TO THE
CHIEF OF SINNERS.

600055407R



600055407R



600055407R

☞ Any profits arising from the sale of this book will be given to the Sufferers of the ill-fated AMAZON.

MERCY

TO THE

CHIEF OF SINNERS:

A NARRATIVE.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM BLOOD, A.M.,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE

REV. WILLIAM C. BROWNLEE, D.D.,

(Of the Collegiate Church, New-York.)

TWELFTH EDITION.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE

WRECK OF THE

"AMAZON" STEAMER.

By the AUTHOR, one of the Survivors.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

BIRMINGHAM: E. A. W. TAYLOR, UNION STREET.

LEAMINGTON: J. GLOVER.

BRIGHTON: W. J. TAYLOR (LATE LEPPARD), STATIONER, 16 & 17, EAST STREET,

1852.

249. c. 404.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

THE WRECK OF THE "AMAZON."

As one of the passengers in the ill-fated steam-ship, AMAZON,—saved by a gracious Providence from the terrific death of being burnt alive or drowned in the awful deep,—I have been requested by Mr. Taylor, the Publisher of this New Edition of my "Mercy to the Chief of Sinners," to write a short account of this dreadful catastrophe, and devote the profits to the Surviving Sufferers, he having kindly offered to bear the entire risk of any quantity that may be printed for this charitable object. [It may be well to state here, that I am at present preparing for publication a fuller and more lengthened Narrative of the incidents connected with the destruction of the above-named vessel.]

And as now, in the retrospect, I see distinctly a combination of providential circumstances,—all of which were absolutely necessary to the salvation of my fellow-sufferers from the awful death which threatened them,—I will feel it my duty to narrate those incidents and to

arrange and place in their proper light the various particulars connected with this dreadful calamity, so as to make evident the interposition of a merciful God in their deliverance—to show that *mercy, great mercy* has been mingled with judgment—and that while so many stand astounded and startled at the calamity, they may also view the benevolent interference of the Almighty, and bow with humility before His inscrutable power.

I arrived here in safety on Thursday evening, the 15th of January, at half-past six o'clock, with my twelve fellow-sufferers. We were fifteen hours in an open boat, in the midst of the mighty deep, without oars or food and but little clothing, when a sail hove in sight. By the tearing up the boards from the bottom of the boat, and converting one of them into a mast, upon which we attached a shirt as a signal of distress, and breaking the rest of them into paddles and a helm, we were enabled, after many hours, to reach the welcome visitor. After contending in vain for eight days, with contrary winds and a boisterous sea, in our efforts to make for Gibraltar, we at last changed our course, and after three days more obtained the friendly port of Plymouth, where we were met by many kind hearted, with tearful eyes. When I

landed, I was met by several tender-hearted friends. One gentleman in particular, while he grasped my hand in his—the tears at the same time coursing down his noble and handsome countenance—said, "Oh, Sir, excuse me; I have often wept for you. You are as one risen from the dead." I could stand it no longer; but, turning away from him, I gave vent to my own feelings, I trust, of gratitude and joy.

During every day we were enabled to seek the guidance of that Almighty Being who so mercifully delivered us when in great distress. Every day to us was a Sabbath, and our little bark, our church, within which our feeble voice of prayer ascended, and our notes of praise mingled with the music of nature in the whistling winds, the roaring billows—while the Great God of nature—of the storm and the tempest—heard our supplications and sheltered us as in His pavilion. Often, too, His blessing descended, which softened the hardened heart, and brought forth the tears of holy sorrow for sin and of joy, and gratitude for His mercies, so bountifully bestowed, while the penitent listened to the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. On Friday evening my little flock came in a body, newly clad, to bid me "good bye;"

and to offer their thanks. They bowed down in the house of the Christian friend who gave me shelter beneath his hospitable roof, and lent his own clothes to cover me.* I committed them once more to the care of that Gracious Being who snatched us from the double death by fire and water, and provided for us a home, and preserved us upon the stormy ocean—To Him be all the glory.

As to myself, the providence of my Heavenly Father has been most signally displayed. I had taken a cabin in the fore-part of the ship, where I must have perished had I been there at the time of the fire, as it would have been impossible to have passed from that part of the vessel to the boats; but, by the kind intimation of Capt. Mangles, I had been removed to one of the after cabins. Those in the fore part of the ship must have been burnt to death.

On the previous night I undressed and went to bed, but on the night of the catastrophe, without any cause, I was induced to retire early (9 o'clock), and, when

* That kind friend, Samuel Derry, Esq., is now no more. He who took me to his house and clothed me with his own clothes, God has taken to His own house above, eternal in the Heavens, and clothed him in better garments—in the robes of *the Redeemer's* righteousness. He is happy now, and free *from all the storms of* this life.

going to bed, it was deeply impressed upon my mind not to undress. I accordingly lay down upon the bed with my clothes on, even my boots, and immediately fell into a sound sleep. At about half-past 12 I awoke, greatly refreshed, and prepared for what was to follow. No voice awoke me—no alarm had been given—no bell aroused me. When I awoke, I felt surprised by a peculiar, indescribable feeling as of solitude—of vacancy; and on opening the window of my cabin, I looked out, but saw no person—still all was silent—and with the same feeling I arose, went out of the cabin, without even taking my watch, which lay beneath my pillow, and as I passed along the saloon, I overheard the voice of the stewardess in the distance saying, "The ship is on fire." I then hastened toward the stairs at the fore part of the ship, and saw (oh! horror!) the blaze ascending right across the vessel. I ascended the stairs just in time to escape the flames. When on the deck, I had merely time to walk across to the bulwarks (for on the deck the flames were spreading with fearful rapidity). Seeing a boat full of people descending, I clambered over the bulwarks, and having hold of a rope, was about to step into it, when, hesitating for an instant to balance my-

self to make a spring into it,—fearing at that moment to fall on my right leg, which had been some months before broken,—I paused—the boat at the same instant falling only by one end, the other refusing to give away from the tackle, it was immediately submerged—the people flung out into the raging sea—while the steamer pushed on at full speed, and left them struggling amid the gloomy waves. I heard their piercing shrieks of distress amidst the dismal darkness; but, alas! could render no aid. Oh, how heart-rending those awful cries —I hear them yet. They must have perished. I then climbed up the ship's side to the deck, when seeing another boat about to be let off from the crane or crutches on which it rested, I climbed into it. The tackle was loosened—she swung; but the keel being fixed tight in the crutches, she capsized with her bottom nearly upwards—her oars were flung out, and immediately she righted. How I remained in her, I cannot say. Twelve persons got into her—they let her down to the water, about twenty feet from the bulwarks—cut the ropes—the steamer dashed on—and left her safe floating upon the water. In the fall upon the waves her *bottom was stove* in, and she must have swamped had

not two small casks, which were providentially in the boat, come to our assistance. I cried out, "Throw them in and let us bale her out." With them and our boots she was saved from sinking. The water, however, was making progress through the barge. The poor fellow, Michael Fox, who had thrust his arm through, cried out, "I can't keep the water out; give me something." I immediately gave my cap, another gave his stockings, &c., and she was partially staunched. I tore off the skirts of my coat, and tied one as a cap around the head of Lieut. Grylls, and another round my own, as a slight protection against the pouring rain, while our bodies lay partially submerged in the water, and the waves at times dashed over our persons. At one time, shivering with cold and wet, I strove to keep my back pressed against another person to preserve the vital heat. Such cold I never felt before. The skirt of the coat became most useful to me afterwards, during the 11 days on board the galliot, for it served as a pocket handkerchief, napkin, &c.

How wonderful that the casks should have remained in the boat, when she capsized and threw out the oars, without them she must have swamped. "But God is the

God of Providence, and man's extremity is the time of his opportunity." Thus passed our first Sabbath on the wilderness of waters. On that day I remember exclaiming, let us offer up thanks to God for our deliverance so far, when awful to state, one of the number (one who afterwards almost withstood the efforts made to lead him to Christ) cried out, "we want no religion here." Although almost ruined by former low and vile habits, yet, even he, at times, seemed to relent; and, I am not without hope, while my poor prayer shall be offered up for him in particular, that yet he may become a burning and shining light, and that the seed sown may eventually take root.

The little cabin in which we were huddled together on board the galliot, and in which we worshipped every day, was not more than 4½ feet high, and about six feet square. It answered for kitchen, sleeping room, and a temple for God's service; and never did He enable me to preach his word as then, or give me so attentive an audience. Often was my own soul so overpowered in praying and preaching, that deep feeling and tears interrupted, for some time, utterance, while I listened to the sobs that responded in sweet and holy sympathy. O that I could always so utter His blessed truth, but "as your

day is, so shall your strength be." My happiest and holiest hours, in sweet communion with a reconciled Father in Christ, were spent on board that little bark. We had no Bible or Prayer-book, in English, but memory, with God's assistance, supplied their want; we had a Bible (the captain's companion) but it was in Dutch. He was a Godly man, and often during the moonlight nights did I sit upon the deck with him while my companions were asleep, as he sang the songs of the Sweet Singer of Israel, in his own native tongue. Frequently, too, in the day had he his faithful Bible with him, thoughtfully perusing it, and no doubt his effort to pick us up, and his kindness to us while on board, may be attributed to his religious principles and feeling. Our food was coarse and at times scanty, but he gave us willingly the best he had. But having food and water, we should be content, and never was food more highly relished and appetites more keen than ours. Indeed our health has been greatly improved by our buffetings with the billow, our exercise—the continued efforts to retain our equilibrium in the rocking bark—and by the refreshing wind, which tossed about our little vessel. She rode gallantly over the breakers and the swelling waves, until we were received by the

"*Royal Charlotte*," Revenue cutter, and she faithfully landed us in Plymouth.

WILLIAM BLOOD.

Saved by a kind and gracious God from the burning ship and the stormy deep.

Plymouth, January, 1852.

INTRODUCTION.

It has been beautifully and truly said that "History is philosophy teaching by example." If this be correct with respect to Profane History, how much more truly may it be said that Sacred History is RELIGION teaching by example. Every one has felt the force of this. We listen to discursive instruction, and follow a train of argument and illustration, with interest; but, with what increasing interest and delight, do we listen to a parable or to an appropriate anecdote. And above all, how does a simple unadorned narrative arrest the mind, and carry it away in the most pleasing dreams of delight.

It is this which makes the divine discourses of our Redeemer so charming. They captivate every power of the heart,—they thrill the soul. "Never man spake like this man." It was His parabolic illustrations, His manner, His mode, as well as the force of His divine truths, which produced these astonishing and salutary effects.

It is this which throws a charm over the simple and unaffected narratives of our religious Tracts. It would be easy to read a rousing discourse to a thoughtless person, or to a careless audience; but its eloquence, its force of argument, will yield to a pathetic narrative of a dying, ungodly, and thoughtless man, such as we see in the closing scenes of Thomas Paine, and Altamont, and Freeport. The evils of apostacy from the faith, and the horrors of the remorseful, may be delineated in the most

affecting discourse. But this must yield entirely to the *narrative* of the apostacy and remorse of Francis Spira, who wasted away by a slow consuming fire, merely by the agency of his remorse for apostacy from the Christian faith. You may delineate in the most glowing pathos, how pride must have a fall. But how unspeakably more captivating and affecting is the heartless narrative on the pages of Daniel, detailing the fall of the proud king of Babylon, who was driven from his throne and palace, to herd with cattle and eat grass like the ox! You may melt an audience into tears by discoursing on a martyr's feelings, his heroism, his divine supports, and triumphant end. But how much more enchanting is it to a reader, or a hearer, to have the martyr set before him in the unadorned story on the pages of John Fox's Martyrology. In the lively narrative, you see the Martyr, as if visibly before you: you hear him: you see him in his agonies borne up, full of joy in the Holy Ghost. You weep with him: you rejoice with him: and your soul seems to yourself to ascend to heaven with his noble and pure soul in his fiery car! You may discourse to an audience on the sustaining grace of God to the dying Christian: how meek, how calm he is, with all the divine promises guiding him by the Holy Ghost to the portals of heaven. But if you introduce a real fact—a brief narrative—an anecdote, or a detailed narration, like that of the "Dairyman's Daughter," instantly is the attention doubly excited; all eyes are on you. The reason is obvious. The glowing imagination, and the awakened fancy, are called in to your aid. And the truths which had been presented through the appeal to the intellect and reason, now enter into the soul with all the vivid yet chastened decorations of a disciplined and refined mind. In addition to the pictures created by reason, and offered to the judgment, and through that to the heart, you have

the same pictured ideas set out in all the glowing charms and fascinations with which the imagination fails not to invest the truths and facts presented to it, in a fervid and sentimental narrative.

Of late we have had some valuable specimens of this kind of brief History. One, I read a short time since, contains the account of a criminal executed in England. We follow the faithful pastor in every step of the brief history. We sit with him in the cell; we read his looks, and those of the trembling penitent; we weep with them while they weep; and rejoice with them while they rejoice, as the dark cloud of sorrow is rolled away by the healing beams of the sun of righteousness arising on the sore-distressed mind of the broken-hearted penitent! Another is the brief history of a criminal execution in Edinburgh.

In these narratives we find what we cannot find in some indiscreet narratives of conversions of criminals. I allude to the efforts which have been made, as described in the former narrations, to impress uniformly on the minds of the culprits, the attrocious evil of sin; and in particular, of *that* sin of which they had been convicted. And this, I believe, to be one impressive and fair test of evangelical repentance. *That* sin is ever before them, It presses on their conscience by day and by night. And, with the weeping and distressed penitent David, they exclaim with heart-rending anguish, "I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me. Against Thee, and Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight." And they are anxious to be freed, not merely from the condemning power—the guilt of sin—but also from its vileness and pollution. They are found as anxiously imploring God for the new heart, and pure holiness, as for deliverance from hell. "Create in me a *clean heart*, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

In the other narrations alluded to, these prominent tests are not carefully nor fully developed.

There is another lovely characteristic in the narrations which we are applauding and commending to the reader. It is this:—the faithful pastor in all his dealings with the souls of the condemned criminals, sets forth his divine Master the Saviour of sinners and His most precious gospel, and the all efficient agency of the Holy Ghost, so fully, so constantly, that he is hid behind his blessed Lord. In other narratives, the person dealing and "converting" the sinner, stands out in bold relief. You praise the man, you admire the "converter." You lose sight of Christ, and the Blessed Spirit. But here the humble, affectionate, and faithful pastor puts Christ and the Spirit between you and Him. He is lost sight of in the cloud of glory attending, converting, and saving grace! This is a beautiful trait. It is told of two students of Glasgow College, that, on their return from hearing the venerable Dr. Chalmers preach, one said, "What eloquence! what splendor! what vehemence! Did you ever see his equal?" The other replied, "I did not particularly notice him and his elegant pathos. He set the Lord Jesus Christ so fully and so effectually before my anxious mind, that I lost sight of Dr. Chalmers!" A higher compliment never was paid to a minister! On the contrary, the mode of the other authors alluded to, reminds me of an anecdote of a worthy minister, who had made an unusual display of eloquence in the pulpit; on his descending from the pulpit, an elder said to him, "Sir, you have excelled yourself; that is the best discourse *I ever heard you preach!*" "Yes," replied the mortified minister, "the devil told me that before I left the pulpit!"

In a word, it is one thing to preach Christ, and write of Christ in such a manner as to conceal yourself; and *another to preach—it* may be unintentional--but, to

preach yourself! The former authors do the first; the latter, the last.

These remarks have been suggested to my mind by reading, or rather I should say, studying the following most interesting narrative by my friend and brother, the Rev. Mr. Blood. It has all the various characteristics of the true evangelical tract which we have mentioned. It is a faithful and honest narration. It possesses uncommon simplicity. There is no labored attempt at display and effect. The full heart of the faithful pastor pours out its feelings in unaffected earnestness and eloquence. In many respects, it is superior to the "Dairyman's Daughter;" and, in general, it is equal to it. It is less diffuse, and less laboured. It is precise, and directly to the point. It is no wonder, therefore, that it has passed through so many and so large editions, in Ireland, in Canada, in America, and England.

We commend it to the favourable attention of our literary and our Christian friends. Its elegance will please the former; its unction and its evangelical sentiments will charm and edify the latter. May the effectual blessing of the Lord Jesus Christ, who has plucked many a brand from the burning in their last extremity, and who showed such marvellous grace to the *two* condemned criminals, whose brief history is here detailed,—attend the perusal of this little book; and make it the means of bringing many a soul to that most Blessed Redeemer, who has in store MERCY TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

W. C. BROWNLEE.

PREFACE TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

THOUGH the writer of the following pages was fully convinced, that to allow such remarkable circumstances, as are recorded in this little book, to pass by unimproved, would be most reprehensible; yet, as he was led to think that some other person would have taken the matter in hand, he was almost inclined to decide against employing his pen upon the subject, until some Christian friends urged him to the task. And, having witnessed the beneficial effects produced upon the mind by the mere relation of the facts in conversations and sermons, he has been induced to obey that call which, he trusts, will prove to be providential.

The cases of the two individuals, whose crimes led them to the ignominious death which they suffered, are correctly, though concisely, stated. He has studied brevity, for the sake of giving wider circulation to the glorious truths of that Gospel which proclaims MERCY TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS. He has also endeavoured to avoid every thing but what he personally knew to be facts.

It is delightful to remember, that while that BOOK which is the foundation of all true religion denounces vengeance against *all manner of sin*, it at the same time, offers salvation to the most abandoned who return to God through Christ: thus accomplishing two great purposes—*the condemnation of crime*, and the prevention of despair.

Much of the Divine Record is also given in the form of historical narrative, in which forgiveness for the greatest sins is mentioned, as if to keep the greatest sinners from despair; thus truth and principle are embodied. And God has often blessed narratives constructed on the principles of Scripture, developing the operation of the Holy Spirit in the salvation of others.

It is however worthy of remark, that in the Sacred Scriptures there is mention made of only *one* sinner who found forgiveness at the *eleventh hour*—of one, to prevent *despair*, and of *but one* to prevent *presumption*. The history of Providence, too, confirms this idea, for while we hear of many being cut off in the midst of their sins, we only occasionally hear of any at the eleventh hour turning unto God. Most solemnly should it be pressed upon the attention of those who have the opportunity of hearing the Gospel, that they have no encouragement whatever from the cases here recorded, "to continue in sin that grace may abound." While, therefore, this should deter the sinner from continuing in sin, it also ought to urge him at once to flee for mercy to the hope set before him in the Gospel, even Christ Jesus.

While not only the awful crime of murder, but every other crime, should be regarded with the utmost detestation, it is thought questionable by some, whether any legislature should uphold laws with the power of depriving man of life. America has adopted a mode of punishment which has proved in every sense of the word preferable.

Let none imagine that because *the law of man* does *not condemn* them, or because they may not be so guilty

as the persons of whom this tract treats, that, therefore they are not condemned by *the law of God*. We should fear, while we remember the words of the Lord Jesus, who said, "Publicans and harlots shall enter the kingdom of Heaven, when ye" who think well of yourselves, or who rely upon your self-righteousness, "shall be cast out;" and how applicable the words of Christ, which He made use of on another occasion, "Think ye that they were sinners above all others, because they suffered such things? I tell you nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." (Luke xiii. 4, 5.) We are all guilty in the sight of the Holy God, and we all require the precious blood of Christ to atone for our sins. If we rely on any other refuge we shall be lost, as surely as those were in the mighty deluge, who were not in the ark of Noah: but if we depend exclusively on Jesus, we shall be as safe as those who are now secure upon the eternal shores of glory. May the Lord himself smile on this feeble attempt to interest some in the everlasting interests of their souls! May it be blest in leading sinners to the Saviour, and in encouraging Christians to be incessant in their exertions to disseminate the knowledge of God, and the glory will be given to Him to whom alone it is due.

PREFACE TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THE First Edition of this little work having been sold in about two months after its publication, and many demands having been made for it since, a second and larger edition is now sent forth to the public, at the urgent request of some Christian persons anxious for its *wide extension.* Knowing that God has been pleased to make it useful, in many instances, in leading sinners to look *alone* to JESUS CHRIST for redemption, and being aware of the desire manifested for its republication, the author most cheerfully commits it to the hands of the present publisher, with the humble hope that it may in some degree accomplish the object which his friends desire.

The principal design in the following narrative is simply to state the plan of salvation—to give the Scripture encouragement to the chief of sinners to embrace that salvation, and to urge upon all the necessity of fleeing at once to the cross of JESUS for mercy. The test of our acquittal at the judgment bar, and of our faith in Jesus Christ will be according to God's remembrance of our holy life, and not according to our recollection of a triumphant death. Matt. xxv. It is not so much by death as by life that we give evidence of having faith and being saved. "His name shall be called JESUS, for he shall save his people from their sins."

MERCY

TO THE

CHIEF OF SINNERS.

About eight miles from the town of Carlow, towards the County of Kilkenny, there rises a low mountain called by the country people the "Ridge of Old Leighlin." From the village of Leighlin, which lies at its base, a road ascends over this mountain, and winds away through rather a picturesque landscape, to the clean and handsome town of Castlecomer. By the side of the mountain in the valley, which lies towards this town, resided a farmer and his wife of the name of Sly. They had in their employment a servant man named John Dempsey, to whom his master, though a man of very violent temper, was very kind. It is stated on the best authority, *that Sly* and his wife lived a most mis-

erable life for a number of years, together with being exceedingly passionate, he was given to habits of intoxication. It is recorded among the people of the country that he very often returned home in a state of drunkenness, and in the midst of his fits of passion gave vent to the bad feelings of his heart, by cursing and blaspheming in the most shocking manner. He has been known to drag his unfortunate wife about the room, by the hair of the head, and although the house had been her property, he has frequently kicked her from the dwelling. Their Sabbaths were spent, as may be expected, in any way but in the fear of God—and, indeed, for years they seldom attended any place of worship. It may be easily imagined that a life spun out in this manner could not but lead to something bad; for those who desecrate the holy day of God, who absent themselves from the house of prayer, and who reverence not the name of the MOST HIGH, we are told, in His word, live under His righteous curse and indignation.

I was in the habit of visiting this part of the country once a fortnight, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel of our blessed Saviour. On one evening, as the shades of night were approaching, I had just ascended the summit of the mountain, and was pursuing my way to the sequestered glen where the congregation usually assembled. The sun was now sinking beneath the western horizon, and pouring his fading lustre on the distant hills, while above me, amid the spacious vault of heaven, hung the pale moon, as if waiting for the absence of the orb of day, still to keep visible and illumine with her silvery radiance the surrounding scenery. It was winter, and nature was dismantling herself of her gay attire she wore during the cheerful and sunny days of summer. The trees were casting their leaves (fit emblem of death,) and the fields which spread away before me were nearly naked, while the dark blue mountains were lifting their lofty sides to the heavens, as if to receive the last lingering light of day. The scene was solemn, but not so solemn

as that to which it formed a prelude. As I walked along, alternately meditating upon the works of God that lay in calm and quiet repose around me, and reflecting upon the portion of God's word which that night I was to bring before the attention of the people, my mind was suddenly arrested by seeing in the distance a company of police and horsemen: they were moving towards me. In their midst, upon a car, lay a female prisoner. I enquired "what was the matter?" and was informed that a murder had been committed upon the body of *Walter Sly*, and that the prisoner was taken on suspicion.

This prisoner was Mrs. Lucinda Sly, who resided in the house next that in which I was in the habit of preaching. She, however although a professed Protestant, never attended. Her servant man, John Dempsey, a Romanist, was also apprehended, and both were committed to the gaol of Carlow, to await their trial at the ensuing assizes.

During their stay in prison, they were

visited by kind christian friends, who felt desirous to lead their minds to the only refuge for sinners—Christ Jesus. Dempsey, during his hours of solitary confinement, was in the habit of reading the New Testament, and as he possessed intellect of rather a superior order, and had received a pretty good education, he made rapid progress in understanding the SACRED VOLUME. Besides which, some Christian friends, put into his hands "Dodd's Prison Thoughts,"* and a valuable little work, entitled, "A Dying Thief and a Dying Saviour;" by the Rev. Peter Roe. These pointed out the way of salvation, which together with the reading of God's Holy Word, and the conversation of christian visitors, led him to rest all his hopes for salvation upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus.

With these assistants he continued up to the day of his trial. His unfortunate companion in guilt was also favored with

* The identical copy which he used, and which he read over several times, now lies on the table before me.

conversing with her, was about three weeks prior to her trial. I then told her in as simple language as possible, the case of David, who was guilty of crimes exactly similar to her own. When dwelling upon the enormity of his sin, I showed, how, in order to gratify his unholy desires he caused Uriah, the husband of Bathsheba, to be murdered, (2 Sam. xii. 9, 13,) and yet he found mercy; she immediately replied, "Oh! that was read for me, by Mrs. Batarsby," To keep her from despair, there was brought before her notice the case of Manasseh, who had enticed Israel to idolatry, and filled Jerusalem with innocent blood, (2 Chron. xxxiii. 1—20,) and who also found mercy. To prove the willingness of God to receive the chief of sinners, and to encourage her to look to Him for forgiveness, I pointed out many similar cases, viz.—Mary Magdalene, out of whom "Christ had cast seven devils," (Mark xvi. 9;) the woman who was a great sinner, (Luke vii. 37—50;) the adulteress, (John viii. 3—11;) the dying thief, (Luke xxiii. 42, 43;) Peter, who pe

the same opportunities. She however, laboured under some disadvantages, for although a Protestant she had never learned to read. She seemed to be totally ignorant of religion, and this is not to be wondered at, when it is stated that she scarcely went to any house of worship for the last fifteen years. Together with which, the powers of her mind were rather of an inferior character, rendered lower still by her sinful habits of life. Her own words to me were "I was living in hell upon earth—every Sunday was a scene of sin." By the incessant labours of those benevolent ladies who were unremitting in their endeavours to enlighten her mind, there was brought before her view, in the course of a few months, a great portion of the word of God. They read for her those parts that appeared to bear most directly upon her case, and I am glad to be able to say, from hearing her repeat some of those subjects which were read for her, that she was not a forgetful hearer.

The first time I had an opportunity of

conversing with her, was about three weeks prior to her trial. I then told her in as simple language as possible, the case of David, who was guilty of crimes exactly similar to her own. When dwelling upon the enormity of his sin, I showed, how, in order to gratify his unholy desires he caused Uriah, the husband of Bathsheba, to be murdered, (2 Sam. xii. 9, 13,) and yet he found mercy; she immediately replied, "Oh! that was read for me, by Mrs. Batarsby," To keep her from despair, there was brought before her notice the case of Manasseh, who had enticed Israel to idolatry, and filled Jerusalem with innocent blood, (2 Chron. xxxiii. 1—20,) and who also found mercy. To prove the willingness of God to receive the chief of sinners, and to encourage her to look to Him for forgiveness, I pointed out many similar cases, viz.—Mary Magdalene, out of whom "Christ had cast seven devils," (Mark xvi. 9;) the woman who was a great sinner, (Luke vii. 37—50;) the adulteress, (John viii. 3—11;) the dying thief, (*Luke* xxiii. 42, 43;) Peter, who per-

jured himself in denying Jesus, (Matt. xxvi. 69—75;) and Paul who was a blasphemer, persecuting the Christians unto death, (1 Tim. i. 15; Acts ix. 1—22; xxxvi. 9—18;) and yet they all found mercy alone through Jesus Christ. I endeavoured to shew her that, even if she had never committed the crimes for which she was apprehended, she would be, nevertheless, a guilty sinner—that God calls anger murder, and that one covetous desire would bring us in guilty before the MOST HIGH. "Others," I said, "may condemn you, and think that you are particularly worthy of punishment; but the fact is this, I am guilty—we are all guilty before the Holy God, and therefore, we all deserve the flames of hell. Nothing can save any of us, but the blood of Jesus." She was very much affected during the whole of the conversation, and spoke with kindness of the friends who had been with her. While relating to her an anecdote which illustrated the love of God, in the gift of His only Son, she wept much, and *seemed* impressed with the greatness of His

love. I was glad to hear from some of the prisoners three weeks after, that (the last night but one which she spent on earth,) they heard her relate this anecdote. As the relation of it so affected her mind, and as she perfectly understood it was meant to illustrate the love of God, in the gift of His *only Son*, it may be well to insert it here. It is recorded in history, that at one time a famine prevailed to a great extent in Germany—the inhabitants were starving. Among the sufferers, there was one family consisting of a father and mother, with four children. They had moved in the higher ranks of life, but now were reduced to poverty. They were forced to sell their houses, their furniture, and clothes, to provide subsistance; but still the famine prevailed. They took shelter in a miserable hovel, and there without fire or covering, they remained without a morsel of food for three days. The children were clinging to their parents, crying for bread, but their parents had none to give them. The mother, almost distracted, exclaimed, "What shall

we do to keep our offspring from perishing?" The father, with tears said, "Let us sell one of them as a slave, to provide food for the rest." The mother whose heart was breaking, said, "Which one of them can we part with?" The father proposed the eldest, but the mother, looking upon that one, replied, "No, no: that is my first-born—I can never part with that one." She however, said, "I will give up the next;" but that was a little girl, the father's favourite, who embracing the child in his arms, made answer, "I cannot give up this one, I will part with the other." That one was a boy, the picture of the parent; and the mother turning her weeping eyes to its countenance, read the features of the father, and said, "My heart is wound round this one, and I can never part with it." The last one was an infant, and both exclaimed, we cannot give up our little Benjamin! Let us all die, and suffer death together!" Here I immediately said to the listening prisoner, "But how great was the love of God, who *so freely* gave up his *only* Son, his *well-be-*

loved Son, Jesus Christ; to death for our sins!" Having pressed upon her the necessity of at once believing in Christ; at her own desire we had prayer, in which she joined with more fervency.

Notwithstanding the favourable symptoms which several witnessed, it is evident that her mind was still fluctuating between hope and fear, and that she was not led fully to cast her soul upon Christ; for, while in general terms she admitted herself guilty, she did not do so in detail, until the last night of her existence. Her mind, at intervals, clung to the earth, and occasionally she displayed a want of that *true* penitence, which is always the result of genuine conversion of the soul.

The day for the prisoners' trial arrived. It was a solemn day in Carlow. The trumpets announced the approach of the Judge to the tribunal of Justice. The Court was crowded to excess, and the prisoners were placed in the dock. The Jury was sworn, and the Counsel for the Crown stated the case. Witnesses were examined and cross-

examined. Often hopes were excited, and as often extinguished. The trial continued from morning until twelve o'clock at night. The evidence collected from the different witnesses, (who were about twenty in number,) was altogether of a circumstantial character, no direct proof having been given. But as circumstantial evidence, involving no material contradiction, is always considered the most satisfactory, as it precludes the idea of previous collusion, so, on the present occasion, it was esteemed conclusive. During the commencement and progress of the investigation, which was most minute, the impression was almost made, that they were innocent; but as the witnesses increased and as they passed through the severe and sifting process of cross-examination, other light shone upon the subject, which gradually dissipated the otherwise delusive impression. It was stated that MRS. SLY, the prisoner at the bar, who was now nearly fifty-six years of age, had been a widow prior to her marriage to her late husband,—that about

fourteen years since, her former husband had died, and she was left in possession of a good farm and in comfortable circumstances,—that she was the mother of five children, some of whom were themselves parents,—and that she was considered a good mother, a kind neighbour, and most amiable in her disposition. A few years after the death of her first husband, she became acquainted with WALTER SLY, and they were married. He had no property whatever, and was generally considered a worthless character. Both before and after his marriage he had been seen frequently intoxicated, and being of a quarrelsome temper, he was disliked by his neighbours. He had been in the habit of treating his wife in the most barbarous manner. When excited by drink, he had been known to beat her most cruelly—to twist her hair round his hand—to drag her through the room, and sometimes to throw her into the fire, and he often used his horsewhip in driving her from the house. Upon these occasions, she used to

fly to the barn or some friend's house, when instead of pouring execrations upon him who was the cause of her torture, she was wont to give vent to her wounded feelings in weeping. She had never been known to retaliate either by word or action, but on the contrary, endeavoured to pacify his turbulent spirit by acts of kindness.

The day he met with his untimely death, he had been to a fair, about fifteen miles distance, where he drank to excess, and at night returned towards home inebriated. His body was found the next morning lifeless, stretched on the ground outside his house. An incision was discovered in the back part of his head, as if produced by a musket-ball. The position of the wound went to prove that it was occasioned by a shot, coming from an opposite direction to the house as he was approaching it. This idea was corroborated by the circumstance that the country was in a very disturbed state. Many of the peasantry were leagued together in illegal societies, and were in the habit of prowling about the country,

and in attacking the farm houses in search of fire-arms. Often in their nightly visits they were not satisfied with plundering the houses of the arms; but when they had any feeling of malignity against individuals, they frequently gave awful indulgence to that unhallowed feeling, by taking the lives of those against whom it was directed. WALTER SLY, being a Protestant, though a mere nominal one, who gave his vote at elections contrary to the wish of those nocturnal marauders, was supposed to be an object of their hate. It was, therefore, argued by the counsel for the prisoners, "that those disturbers of the peace, must have known that SLY had been at the Fair on the day in question, as it had been his custom to attend such places—that they were aware of his being intoxicated, and consequently in a defenceless state—that as he had been accompanied a great portion of the way home, they watched him until the fitting opportunity, and it being night, and he alone as he approached the house, they seized the convenient moment—fired

at him—and accomplished their diabolical object. In confirmation of this, it was proved that the door of the house was perforated by musket or rifle balls—that one ball, which exactly fitted the perforations, was found inside the door. Besides, shots were asserted to have been heard at a short distance from the house that night."

The evidence given up to this period of the trial went to prove that the prisoners were innocent of the crime laid to their charge, and this idea was confirmed by the fact, that the prisoners had never attempted to make their escape, though they had every opportunity for doing so; they on the contrary remained on the premises and were the first to give the alarm. But as JUSTICE must have its course, and the LAW vindicated, other witnesses were called upon to give in their testimony. It was stated that the prisoner, JOHN DEMPSEY, was heard to say, that "WALTER SLY deserved to lose his life, because of his treatment to his wife," that "if *he* were in her case he would dispatch him." In ad-

dition it was proved that blood was seen on the wrist of his shirt, and in one of the rooms on the day after the murder had been committed. It was also given in evidence, that two large pistols were kept loaded in the house—that they were deposited in a locked-up trunk,—that the key was always in the possession of SLY,—and that when after his death his clothes were searched, this key was not found on his person, but discovered secreted in one of the rooms. On the morning after the awful event, it was ascertained that one of the pistols was unloaded, and, that the ball which was found inside the door, exactly fitted the calibre of this pistol, and also the perforations made in the door. A quantity of balls likewise were found in the trunk along with the pistols, with which the one found perfectly corresponded. It was likewise stated, that the watch of SLY, not having been discovered on his person, search was made for it, and, after many fruitless attempts, it was found hidden in a hay stack convenient to the house. This

at once removed the impression that the crime had been perpetrated by the lawless gangs, who were in the habit of attacking the inhabitants; for had they been the guilty party, no doubt *they* would have taken the watch with them.

The Judge then, in summing up the evidence said,—"Gentlemen of the jury, this is a most solemn case, which, in all its details, has been brought before your notice and occupied your attention for upwards of fourteen hours. You have the evidence on both sides before you, for your review and calm reflection. The witnesses have been fully examined, and all that could possibly be brought forward for the purpose of eliciting truth, has been produced. This, the majesty of JUSTICE has demanded, and the violated LAW required. This too was necessary, that the peace and security of society might be preserved; and, I may also add, that the life or death of the prisoners, depending upon the fullest investigation, equity to them likewise required it. The most ample testimony has been

given, and given apparently, I am happy to say, impartially. None has appeared here to day, in my opinion, who has been biased, in the least degree, by feeling or a desire to fix guilt where guilt should not be placed. It is now for you, gentlemen, to deliberate calmly upon this awful and momentous subject. Remember that the lives of two fellow-beings depend upon your verdict. You have listened most attentively to the evidence on the one side and on the other. You have heard the evidence in favour of the prisoners.—The character of the woman, being that of a most praiseworthy description, and that of the young man, as being that of a good and faithful servant. You have also heard the testimony describing WALTER SLY, the deceased, who had been the husband of the female prisoner, as being that of a most debased and ferocious character. But you are not to suffer the amiable character of the one prisoner, nor the trust-worthy character of the other, to bias your judgment in the least degree,—nor are your feelings to

be at all swayed, nor your reason shifted from its pivot, by the awful description of the conduct of the deceased towards her, who was his wife. You must remember, gentlemen, that THIS is the tribunal which is to pass the sentence of punishment upon the guilty. The Sceptre of JUSTICE is not to be snatched from the grasp of those who have been thought competent to wield it. The LAW is not to be trampled upon with impunity by any, and no infringement is to be allowed upon the prerogative of that power, which stands immutable, to give protection to the defenceless and retribution to those who invade their rights. The issues of life and death belong alone to God; and the individual who attempts to take that away, which none but God who gave, can give, stands branded before the universe as a murderer, and the irrevocable sentence of the Almighty is stamped upon him,—'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made he man.'* The power is

* Gen. ix. 6.

delegated unto us to try the accused—to acquit the innocent,—and to punish the guilty. Although in the process of this trial, gentlemen, your feelings may, for the moment, so far have gotten the better of your judgment as to have led you to think, that a husband who had sworn to love and protect his wife, had foresworn his marriage vow and acted in the cruel manner described, deserved the punishment with which he met, yet you are not to suffer your judgment to be dethroned, nor her authority to be usurped by mere feeling. Go coolly and deliberately, and decide upon the question, in a manner becoming the magnitude and momentousness of the subject. If you believe, from the testimony given, that sufficient evidence has not been produced to criminate one or both of the prisoners, although there may be at the same time, scarcely any doubt of their guilt in your mind, yet you cannot bring in a verdict of guilty, while there is wanting, that fullness of evidence, which can clear away even the shadow of

a doubt. Mercy must incline us to be anxious to save, where it can be done without infringement upon the attributes of JUSTICE.

You have heard that the country was in a disturbed state, about the time that this sad event happened, arising from the lawless proceedings of those miserable beings, who like the wolves and beasts of prey, make choice of the darkness of night for their deeds of daring and of death,—of their entering the houses of the inoffensive and peaceable inhabitants, for the purpose of plundering them of the means of defence, and sometimes of their wreaking their vengeance upon the defenceless. The death of WALTER SLY has been attributed to their ferocious spirit. The wound in the back of his head, received, as supposed by some, as he was approaching his house, would almost suggest this suspicion; but on the other hand it is known, that in consequence of the activity of a vigilant police, those wretched beings, who have heretofore disturbed the country,

have not visited that particular district in which the crime was committed for some-time past. Again, the wound might have been made in that particular spot in order to screen the guilt from the prisoners, by suggesting that it came from another source. It may have been done in order the more effectually to evade the scrutiny of the law; and this appears almost beyond a doubt to have been the case, from the fact, of one of the two pistols having been found unloaded. That pistol was probably used for that purpose, as well as in perforating the door with balls for the same object—namely, of drawing off suspicion from those really guilty, and for creating the idea that the crime was committed by an armed party from without the house. The identity of the ball found inside the door with the balls in the trunk would almost prove this. The removal of the watch from the person of the deceased strengthens this opinion also; and fortunately for justice that watch was not destroyed, but hidden, and hidden too on

the premises. If the watch had not been found, much obscurity would have remained to envelope the subject in mystery, and to dim the vision of the most discerning. *But why was not the watch destroyed?—why was it secreted in that particular place?—who was it guided the thoughts and led the hand to the very spot were it was discovered?* Doubtless there was an eye which none can evade, watching the whole proceedings, determining to 'bring to light the hidden things of darkness.'

It has been said in defence of the prisoners that they remained in the house, made no effort to escape, though they had every opportunity to have done so, and that they were the first to make known the fate of the murdered man and to give the alarm. But who does not see the drift of their conduct in this particular, that is, if their design had been to give the impression that they were innocent. Do you not see that this may have been done for the purpose of removing suspicion from

themselves? Had they fled, there would have been no difficulty whatever, in fixing the guilt at once in the proper place. Their remaining was in perfect harmony with their other proceedings, if it was their design to produce the belief that the crime was perpetrated by others. Then the fact of the threatening language of DEMPSEY heard on two occasions by the witnesses, and the fact of the blood being discovered on the arm of his shirt and in one of the rooms, you have heard in evidence. Still, gentlemen, I would reiterate what I have already repeated, that if the least doubt remains on your minds, you cannot pronounce them guilty. Let cool, clear reason and conscience, aided by slow reflection, guide you. Remember that the Searcher of hearts requires you to give the result of a calm and dispassionate deliberation upon the whole case. Justice and the Law require this at your hands—the welfare of Society and your own domestic security, require it; and, gentlemen, let me say most solemnly, your

own conscience and your oath before the living God require it. Gentlemen retire, and I will wait your return."

At this, the solemn hour of midnight, the Jury retired to consider the merits of the case. In their absence everything bore the stillness of the grave: this was a time of trembling suspense. They returned, and the awful word GUILTY!! fell like the terrific sound of death upon the ears of the poor prisoners. The Judge now placed upon his head the emblem of death,* and pronounced, in the most solemn manner, the sentence of the law —that on Monday they should be led forth for execution. He besought them, as they could find no mercy from man, to look to their God, who has promised forgiveness to the chief of sinners. At the conclusion of the announcement, his lordship was overcome by his feelings, and sunk upon his chair.

The immense crowd, with the criminals, now left the court, and the procession

* The black cap used on these occasions.

moved slowly and silently along. The night was, indeed, dark and gloomy. The few glimmering lights that sparkled here and there, amid the dense multitude, cast their sickly beams through the surrounding gloom, as if to discover the pale and death-like countenances of the condemned, while the bright swords and bayonets, borne by the guards, flashed back their rays and told that they were the instruments of death.

What a scene to be improved! How it should remind us of that day of final retribution, when all shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ, to give an account of the deeds done in the body—when we, like the prisoners, must stand to hear our eternal doom! The books shall be opened, and we shall be judged out of the things written in those books. Christ then will pronounce the irrevocable sentence, "Depart, ye cursed," or "Come, ye blessed." What will be our plea? We are now guilty, and deserve eternal damnation, and if we desire to escape, we

must at once look alone to the blood of Jesus the Saviour: if not, we are undone. "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Mark xvi. 16.

The ultimate confession of the prisoners proved that the verdict of "guilty," was correct. The day on which the awful act was committed, WALTER SLY returned from the fair intoxicated. He entered the house and as usual commenced blaspheming and beating his wife. He caught her by the hair with one hand, and beat her with his whip with the other,—he dragged her to the door and threw her out, and followed her, cutting her with his whip. She flew to the barn, where she remained crying for some time. Afterwards she returned to the house, and silently crept in. She found him asleep at the fire, his elbow resting on the table, and his head reclining on his hand. At this moment the servant, DEMPSEY, entered; and, quickly and excitedly, she said—"*Now is the time!*" The young

man took up a hatchet and with the back of it, gave him a wielding blow on the temple. SLY stood up, and staggered; when DEMPSEY terrified at what he had done, was about to let fall the hatchet; but, the instantaneous fear that, unless he accomplished the object, he should be detected, he urged his strength and repeated the blow. The man immediately fell and expired. He was then taken outside the house, and the pistol (as had been suspected) discharged into the back of his head, and other shots fired through the door. This was done with the intention of creating the belief that he had fallen by other hands.

Thus we have a melancholy proof of the truth of the Scriptures, "*that where lust is conceived it bringeth forth sin, and when sin is finished it bringeth forth death.*" When the momentary thoughts which might have been in a moment suppressed, is suffered to continue like the spark in the midst of fuel, it soon becomes a flame, and burns on until it cannot it be extin-

guished. In the present instance *three immortal* beings were hurried into an invisible world, by the influence of an unhallowed instantaneous thought. One of them in an unprepared state, and the others forced out of this life by an ignominious death. Thus it was with the two thieves, at the crucifixion. One would not repent, and he died hardened and in his sins, as an evidence of the JUSTICE of God; the other repented and obtained pardon as a proof of the MERCY of the same God. Thus the proofs of the same attributes continue still. The JUSTICE of the Almighty, quick to punish the impenitent, and His MERCY as quick to pardon those repenting and returning through Jesus Christ.

Intemperance was the originating cause of all this misery and woe,—the horror, the suffering, and death, which the individuals here described endured,—the insatiable love for the inebriating cup. Oh! how many has it ruined in body and in *soul?* Other sins have destroyed its thou-

sands; but this its tens of thousands.

The morning after the trial, I hastened to the gaol. On entering the apartment, I saw the poor culprit surrounded with other prisoners. I shook hands with her, and commenced speaking to her as well as I could; but the Matron, who was sitting near her said it was quite useless—that her mind was quite insensible. Intending however, to speak to the other prisoners through her, I made some remarks. After some time she became collected, and listened with attention. I told her that I, with those around her, were guilty sinners in the sight of God, and deserved eternal condemnation, while I urged her, at the same time, to look to Jesus, who was full of love and mercy. At her own desire we knelt down and had prayer. I put several questions to her as to her state of mind, and conversed with her for a considerable time. Before I came away, she requested all to leave the ward, excepting her son and myself, and this was for the purpose of begging of me "to see the

Judge, to implore of him to allow her a long day, as her mind was not in a fit state to enter eternity." "All I desire," she said, "is that you and other Christian friends, who have been speaking to me about my soul, may still come. I only want to hear more from them about Christ." And here I cannot but rejoice in God, that His Holy Spirit has inclined those pious persons to devote their time to such a holy work. What cause for blessing God they now have who sent them there to sow the seed of His *imperishable Word!* They may now partake of that joy which angels feel, when they rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. And what encouragement to persevere in this "work of faith and labour of love!"

According to promise I saw the Judge,* and laid the matter before him. His Lordship seemed most anxious that her mind should be led to reflect upon the great concerns of an eternal world, and therefore said that he would not decide without

* The Lord Chief Justice Bushe.

consulting Baron Smith, and reflecting with him upon the subject. In some time after, he sent the decisive message, that her request could not be granted. When I told her the result, she put her hands together, and lifting her eyes to heaven, said, with meekness, "The Lord's will be done—I have no hope here—I must now look to God."

He who was to be her fellow-sufferer received his sentence with much composure. In fact, his mind had been prepared for the worst. I have stated before that he had been perusing the New Testament, that holy volume, whose province is to make wise unto salvation. The little work, entitled "The dying Thief," was also greatly blessed in expanding his views and in leading him to see into the glorious plan of salvation revealed in the Gospel. These, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, were his instructors. Man had nothing to do in his case. He was now under the sentence of death, and it was during this trying time that we

were given to see the astonishing triumph of grace over nature. Instead of sinking into sullen despair, invoking vengeance on his persecutors and accusers, or mourning his untimely fate, he appeared with the steady calmness of an aged Christian. In the prospect of a speedy enjoyment of his anticipated rest, he quietly resigned his forfeited life to satisfy the demands of justice. He gave glory to God by unreservedly confessing his guilt, and owning the justice of his sentence.

Sometime after his return from the Court-house, the friend who lent him "Dodd's Prison Thoughts," before alluded to, came to see him in his cell, and said, "John I am very sorry for you—I sympathise deeply in your case." "I thank you from my heart," he answered, and reaching out his hand affectionately said, "I know you are; but God's will be done. I expected this, and made up my mind for what has taken place; and now I wish publicly to thank you for the book you lent me—under God it has been a great

blessing to me. I think I now should be in despair only for it; but I hope by my Saviour's blood, to find a full pardon for all my guilt."

On the morning of Saturday, a Christian friend obtained his permission to visit him; he was sitting in his cell, in irons, under the care of two of the officers of the prison. The visitor said, "My dear friend, I regret your unfortunate end: O that sin should have so fatally blinded your mind as to bring you to this sad state!" "I thank you much," he replied, "but I hope all will yet be well—I only receive the due reward of my deeds; but I look upon the Judge who sentenced me, and the witnesses who convicted me, as amongst my best friends." A person standing by, then said, "I trust you have a well-founded hope that your sins are forgiven, and your iniquities covered, through the atoning blood of Christ. You know that St. John tells us that 'His blood cleanseth from all sin.'" (1 John i. 7.) "Yes, yes," said he, "'*I know that my Redeemer*

liveth,' and I have more than a hope that my sins, black and detestable as they are, have been washed away in that blood,—what else could make me happy and calm in this awful hour, expecting a shameful death, which will carry me to the Judgment seat of Christ in a few hours? If I looked to the world what comfort could it give me? It would only tell me to sorrow that my life was about to be cut off in the midst of my youth, and that my prospects were blasted by the ignominious death I am to suffer. I do not regret that I am so soon to leave this world. If God had cut me off before I came to this place, as He justly might, what would have become of me? Or if I were allowed to live my full time, might I not at the end be more unwilling to die, and be more unfit to die too, than I am now?" A friend here remarked, "John, we rejoice to see you so happy; to die in that state of mind will be joy indeed; which of us may not envy you?" "Yes, thank God, he quietly answered, "God has done much for me.

It is all the work of the Holy Spirit. I would not go back to the world, nor live my time over again for anything this world could offer." DEMPSEY having been brought up in the Roman Church, another friend present, apprehensive that he might have had some belief in the "Intercession of Saints," said, "I hope all your dependance is on the Saviour; you know He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." "God forbid," he answered with emphasis, "that I should depend on any one else. Christ is the only mediator between God and man." "There is one difficulty," said the friend, "which those who seek the intercession of the saints and angels cannot get over, and if it be not disagreeable to you I will just state it." "You are very welcome to me," he said, "Do not think that I look upon anything you say as disagreeable; I find great profit in listening to you."—"I would not distress you for a moment, satisfied that your faith is built upon the Lord Jesus alone; but as you

kindly express yourself willing to converse with me, as one who has obtained mercy, to be faithful, I will state the difficulty. "Do you believe that God alone possesses the attribute of omnipresence?" "Yes," he replied. "Do you think that the saints, &c., are present to hear those who pray to them in various quarters of the world at the same time? If they can hear those who pray in America, Spain, France, Ireland, &c., surely they must be omnipresent." After a short pause, he said, "I do not believe that." "If we had a Scripture precept, my dear John," said his friend, "we might think it right to pray to them; but the Scriptures uniformly discountenance such a practice. We read of the blessed Virgin, 'magnifying the *Lord* with her soul,' and 'rejoicing in God HER SAVIOUR.'* She said, at one time, 'Whatsoever *He saith* unto you, do

* The reader is requested to refer to the following passages of Scripture, and others interspersed throughout these pages, and to read the parts with which they are connected:—

"And Mary said, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my *spirit hath rejoiced* in God MY SAVIOUR; for He hath regarded

it.'" (John ii. 5.) And HE tells us to worship God only.

The poor fellow thoughtfully made answer "I depend on Christ alone, and 'He is able to save to the uttermost, I am sure.' The Roman Catholic Church teaches the doctrine of the intercession of saints for reasons I cannot give; but the scriptures are the safest guide." "Continue," said the friend, "looking unto Jesus; 'He has borne our sins,' and 'was made a curse for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him;' continue looking to *Him*, and all shall be well; His word is pledged, and 'He will cast out none

the low estate of His handmaiden. (Luke i. 46, 47, 48.) Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels, intruding into those things which he hath not seen, vainly puffed up by his fleshly mind. (Coll. ii. 18.) Then saith Jesus unto him, 'Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve. (Matt. iv. 10.) And as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him, and fell down at his feet and worshipped him. But Peter took him up, saying, 'Stand up: I myself also am a man."' (Acts x. 25, 26.) And I (John) fell at his (the angel's) feet to worship him. And he saith unto me, "See thou DO IT not; I am thy fellow-servant and of the brethren that have the testimony of Jesus; worship God." (Rev. xix. 10.)

who come unto Him.'" (John vi. 37.) Here he got up and walked with difficulty to the casement, which he drew back to get a little air, and we rose to come away. He turned to us, and affectionately said, "Do not think I am tired of your company, because I stand up. No! I could listen to you with pleasure all the day; I cannot express my thanks for your kindness." "John," said one of the friends, "We have been with poor, unhappy MRS. SLY, and would be glad (as we are going to her again) if you could recollect any little incident that may awaken and profit her, to carry it from you to her. You know she has not the advantages of youth, intellect, and education, which you are blessed with." "No," said he, "she has not: but if she has not benefited by what you have said, what more can be done? She led a very careless and wicked life, and I wonder she does not seek for pardon and mercy. Surely she knows that her time is but short. It would give me great *pleasure* to hear that she was happy, and

in peace with God before she dies. I will try to think of something against the next time you come. O! tell her to be praying to Christ, and that His blood will wash away her sins, though they be like scarlet. Tell her how happy I am; and that, though I should be more sorry to leave the world than she is, seeing that I had a prospect of living longer in it, yet I long to depart, as I have a hope of getting to a better world."

He continued to the last in this happy state. The night before his execution, a friend asked him if he would like a cup of tea; to which he answered, "I want no more bodily food in this world—the food of the soul is most wanted now." To every one that visited him, he expressed his heartfelt thanks, and seemed grateful for the smallest favour. The friend who lent him "Dodd's Prison Thoughts," again calling on him, he repeated his thanks, and said, "Blessed be God, I never felt so happy before. I am longing for the hour to come that I shall be intro-

duced into the presence of my Saviour. I am thankful to those who brought me in guilty; and if the Judge who sentenced me were to say to me to-morrow on the scaffold, 'JOHN DEMPSEY, go home to your friends again,' I would not give up the prospect before me to accept the offer. No! I am speaking thoughtfully—I feel more than I can express in words."

On Friday night the sentence of death was passed, and during the Saturday, and the whole of the Lord's day, the female prisoner was visited by christian friends. The Sabbath now closed, and I determined to stay with her the entire of the night. I had the company of a pious young man who proposed to do the same. In retrospect of the scene which we then witnessed, we have every reason to thank God who inclined us to do so. We rejoice that we enjoyed the privilege, and I trust we shall ever remember it with gratitude. This being the night before the execution, we spent it alternately in conversing, praying and reading with her. We said all

that we thought could profit her. The poor woman acknowledged to us that she was guilty of the crime laid to her charge, and that she justly deserved the punishment she was about to suffer. She relied, she said, upon the blood of Christ alone: but although, at her own request, we frequently prayed with her, and although she often retired to the corner of the ward for private prayer, she did not give as yet full and complete evidence of a radical change of heart. We have, however, every reason to think that she was earnestly seeking it. We are told to "distinguish things that differ."

Having heard of the happy state of mind of him who had been her companion in guilt, I felt anxious to converse with him, that I might ascertain the ground of his hope. About the hour of midnight we passed down through the long dark narrow passage, which led to his cell, and although a cell, it was cheerful in every sense of the word. The prisoner was sitting calm and tranquil, with a book in his hand.

His ancles were chained with a thick iron chain, and a fire burnt brightly before him. I shook hands with him, and said, "I am glad to hear that your mind is happy, and that you expect to enter Heaven after death." He thanked me, and said, with much calmness, "I am happy and do expect to enter heaven when I die." I then asked him on what that expectation was founded. His countenance brightened, and opening his eyes, which had been partly closed, said most emphatically, "On the merits and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, my Saviour, *alone*." The word *alone*, I remarked, was the *last* word in the sentence, which he pronounced with great emphasis. I then said, I am delighted to hear this testimony," and recurred to the case of the dying thief. "He had nothing to plead," I remarked, "for he was actually one of the two who railed upon our blessed Lord; and yet, before he expired, his heart was changed by the grace of God, and he *cried*, 'Lord remember me,' &c.; and to

him Christ said, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' He had no good works; and yet, before he departed, *he* found mercy through the blood of JESUS." The book which the prisoner had been reading, and which lay on his lap, he *now* took up, and pointed to the place where he had just been reading, which happened to be that of the dying thief: he remarked the coincidence. We then conversed together on the salvation of the Gospel; and I repeated that beautiful hymn, of which, I have been since told he was very fond, and parts of which he used to repeat:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

Having had some more conversation, in which the young man before mentioned joined, I was about to come away. He then stood up, shook hands with us, and said in a loud and emphatic voice, "It is very kind, gentlemen, in you to come to see me; I DO NOT regret being here; No! I bless God that I came into this prison, for here I have learned to place my dependence upon the Lord Jesus Christ. My trust and confidence is in Him ALONE. His precious blood is sufficient to cleanse from all sin—My soul is happy. I am going to suffer that death

which I deserve; but I deserve eternal death. Jesus Christ, however, has died for the chief of sinners; and He has said, 'Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' I am *sure* of this. I am longing for the hour to come that I may 'depart to be with Christ, which is far better.' Oh yes! and if I were standing on the drop, about to enter eternity, and were the Sheriff to come with the King's pardon, I would prefer leaving the world to go to be with Christ." The last words he said with mingled feelings of humility and delight. He expressed a desire to see her, who with himself, was so soon to suffer. Next to his own, he said, "he longed for the salvation of her soul." We parted with him, reflecting on the power of Divine Grace, and saying, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

We then went to her for whose spiritual welfare we principally came to spend the night. We told her the happy state of him with whom we had just been. She was glad to hear it, and said, "Ah! it was

that little book (alluding to *Dodd's Prison Thoughts*) which Mrs.—— gave him, that did that for him." We shewed her the ground of his hope, which was Christ Jesus alone, and told her that it was the word of God that taught him that.

About half an hour after, DEMPSEY, at his earnest request, was permitted to see her. On the way down, his irons having been taken off, he said, "Another journey down here will terminate my mortal career. I shall be able, I hope, to despise the shame, and rise above the opinions of those who shall witness my death to-morrow." "O yes," he added, "I am at peace with God and all the world; and I could bear anything that I may be called on to suffer from the devil or man, for I know that God will not leave me in the trying moment, as He has worked so great a change in me, and bestowed on me what I do not deserve." On going a little further, he said, "I would go to the gates of hell, if I could be instrumental in saving *one soul* from the flames that await them."

While standing at the entrance of the ward, till his presence was announced, he said, "Do you observe how I tremble? We are commanded to work out our salvation with fear and trembling; but what could we do if the Spirit of God did not help us?"

The interview with his fellow-sufferer was such as angels might contemplate with delight. We listened with breathless silence, while he remonstrated, exhorted, admonished, and affectionately entreated her to "Seek the Lord while he may be found." He was naturally silent and reserved; but he now spoke with the greatest fluency and in the language of love, as one who deeply felt what he uttered. The scene has been indelibly impressed on the minds of those who were privileged to witness it. Not wishing to depend on my own recollection of his language, I shall give the substance of what he said, in his own words, as they were written down by a person who was present. Having seated himself near her, he said

with energy, "Well, do you be thinking how near you are to death, and are you satisfied to die—or would you rather die, or be set at liberty?" She answered, "I don't know:" and after a pause, "I would rather be set at liberty?" "And why would you rather be set at liberty? Ought not I to be *sorrier* to die than you? You know you could not live long at best, and what signifies the short sufferings of death that we must undergo to-morrow? They will be over in a few minutes. You know we deserve a worse death. Oh! why are you not praying, and looking to Christ for the salvation of your poor soul? Don't you know that there is another judgment before you, and there no witnesses nor jury will be wanted? And if your sins are not forgiven through the blood of Christ, there is a second death that will last for ever. Oh think of that: it is not yet too late; as short as your time is, the blood of Christ can cleanse you from all your sins. Don't you believe that the *precious* blood of Jesus is sufficient to

wash away the sins of thousands of worlds?" —After a pause, he proceeded—"You know I was once a faithful servant to you, and you ought to speak and answer a few questions which I am about to put to you. It is the last time we shall meet, till we stand before our GREAT JUDGE; and it would give me great pleasure to know that you were at peace with your offended God, and willing to die. Do you be thinking of what these gentlemen do be saying to you—and looking to JESUS for the salvation of your soul?" "I do be trying, John," she said, "but you know I am not like you; I have a poor, stupid, shattered brain, and I can't think of much." —"Well," said he, "be praying to Christ, and He will make you well." He then said, "Will you remember just two short sentences that I am going to say?" She answered, "Yes." "Well, now think of this—The Dying Thief prayed, 'Lord remember me;' and Christ said, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' Pray to Jesus,—and He will answer you as He

did that sinner. I look upon the judge who sentenced me to the death I am going to suffer, and those who had a hand in my prosecution, as my best friends. If I were to live longer, and then die in my sins, what would this world be to me?—Oh! remember you will have the more to answer for, after having so much done to lead you to Christ, by these gentlemen; and your time at farthest, is but a few hours! Turn to God then, I beg of you, and repent of your sins. Think that you soon will have done with this world, and then it will be ETERNITY; and after millions and millions of ages have past away, it will be but beginning still—and may God help you to think of this *before it is too late.* Amen."

He then stood up and said, "The power of all the men in the world cannot change the heart. Men could not change my heart—it is God alone can do it." At this moment a Roman Catholic young gentleman sat down near her, and said, "Do you *believe that* there is a God, and a heaven,

and a hell?—Do you believe that the Church has power to absolve from sin?" A Christian minister being present, immediately said to him, "My dear friend, that is an error. I know you are sincere, but with the greatest affection to you, I must say that you are in darkness upon the subject;" and then pointing to the prisoner, said, 'There is a young man who knows the truth; he has it within him; he has been taught of the Spirit of God, and therefore, when he was speaking to the poor woman, he directed her alone to the blood of Christ." The young gentleman then very mildly said, "Well, I hope God may open my eyes and give me His grace. Amen."

DEMPSEY was now led back to his cell, and the writer saw him no more till he appeared on the scaffold; but he has been informed by those who conversed with him, that his mind was stayed on Christ to the last—that his tranquility and joy were heightened as his end approached. When *about to ascend* the place of execution, he

said,—"I have now put on the last robe I shall wear in this world," pointing to the white dress in which he was to be executed, "but it is not the last for ever; there is another robe which has been 'made white in the blood of the Lamb,' which I hope soon to put on."

As the hours of night were fast rolling away, we were reminded that the awful hour was approaching. I was going to read, when she said, "Let us kneel down and pray." I then said, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved. Believe that the work of Christ is a finished work. Believe, that when our blessed Saviour hung on the cross and cried, 'It is finished,' that then all the suffering for sinners was finished, and that you can add nothing to it." She then suddenly said, "*Can I add nothing to it?* Where then is the use of going to prayer?" We replied, "We go to prayer to implore God to give you His Spirit to enable you to believe that the work of salvation has *been finished* by the Lord Jesus Christ."

At this her countenance brightened, and fixing her eyes on me, she said, "*If I could believe that,* I would go to the gallows rejoicing." We then knelt down, and poured out our soul in prayer that God would "give her the knowlege of salvation by the remission of *sin.*" Both now, and at intervals during the night, she wept much, as we spoke to her of the redemption of Jesus.

Towards morning, as I was sitting alone with her, she got up, and when she saw the light of the early dawn breaking in through the windows of the prison, she gave a momentary shudder, and rubbing her cold hands together said, "The chill of death is coming over me. This is the last day I have to live." She then turned to the fire to warm herself; I said to her, "Poor soul, do not be thinking of your own death, but *think of the death of Jesus,* and He will take the sting away." She then sat down; and believing that it would be better for her to *meditate* upon the *sufferings* of her Lord and Saviour, I

said again, "Now think all about Christ our blessed Redeemer. He is full of love! 'He waits to be gracious.'"

She remained in silence for some time, and afterwards knelt down and prayed secretly, with seeming fervour. The whispers of her soul were, "Lord Jesus, wash my guilty soul! Lord, wash me with Thy blood!" After some time, she reclined upon her bed and fell into a sweet sleep. It was now within twenty-five minutes of seven o'clock, and I retired for a little rest. Soon after she awoke, the Chaplain, the Rev. J. Jameson, came to console her. Having read the twenty-fifth Psalm, and made a few appropriate remarks, they united in prayer at her own desire. She was then asked, "Do you think you are at peace with God?" She said, "I hope I am." "Why do you hope so? "Because," she replied, "I feel my need of Christ, and have fled to Him for pardon.' "Do you love Christ then?" "Oh! yes," she said, with energy, "I do love Him, *and trust* my soul upon Him." While

listening to the explanation of the nature and design of the Lord's Supper, she remarked, "What love it was for Christ to suffer that way for us! Oh! *we ought to love Him much.*"

After a few hours she was removed up into a small cell until the fatal hour arrived. A brother minister (the Rev. H. Hare) now joined us. He sat down near her, and opening the Book of God, read for her those passages of Scripture which he thought most appropriate. I pray God that we may never forget the delightful scene which we then had the privilege of witnessing. Her soul seemed to be melted within her; while her tears of holy sorrow flowed profusely, and the aspirations of her spirit to that God who delights to hear prayer, indicated the power of Divine grace, that can enlighten and subdue the most obdurate.

The feelings of deep humiliation, and self-abasement were the most prominent, while her simple expressions gave evidence of her love to Christ, and "her desire to

be found in Him." At one time she said, "I did not leave my sins till I was *drove* to it." When asked, "If she would like to take the Lord's Supper? the humble soul said to her fellow mortals, "Yes if you don't think I am too wicked." Sometimes she remained silent, but her lips moved: we caught the breathings of her spirit—they were "Lord wash me, wash my guilty soul!" It was said to her, "Jesus, the Good Shepherd, gave His life for the sheep." She immediately said, "We are bad sheep." Her soul seemed to be completely subdued, and full of love and charity to all. Tidings came that the time had expired, and the fatal moment arrived. The door of the cell was opened and the guard appeared to guide her to the scaffold. All her tears were dried up, and a serene calmness pervaded her countenance. Having taken an affectionate farewell of the other prisoners, she was led to the place of execution. She was conducted up the *narrow flight* of stone steps, and along the

narrow dark passage. Here the covering of death was placed on her, but no murmer nor sigh escaped her lips. She stood with the greatest quietness, and gently laid her arms by her side, while with a thick rope they were *pinioned* to her body. I said to her, "Ah! think of Jesus who, before now, for our sins, was 'brought as a lamb to the slaughter.' He too, 'was taken from *prison* and Judgment,' and led forth to execution. He now sees and sympathises with you. *Think, oh, think of Him!*" Some appropriate passages of Scripture were repeated to her by those who attended her. One of the Lord's servants said to her, "Do you feel the Lord Jesus present, now that you are about to pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death?" She calmly looked up, and said, "I DO."

While we stood here, there was a long and painful delay, occasioned by some mismanagement of the machinery; but even this was overruled for good. It served to give an opportunity of wit-

nessing the patience aud tranquillity of the prisoner as she calmly endured the horrific delay. While grating sounds of the iron bolts and engine connected with the drop, sent terror into every one present, and while our minds were greatly cxcited lest this interruption, together with the shouts of the assembled thousands, should disturb the spirit of her who leaned on her spiritual friends for support, I looked at her, but she was not disturbed! Her serene and placid countenance indicated the possession of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding." Her subdued soul was at rest, and being full of love, she turned her head round and kissed the cheeks of those on whom she rested, and who had "spoken unto her the word of life." Here I saw the exemplification of that text, "To dwell in love is to dwell in God, and God in us!" (1 John iv. 16.) I then asked her, "Are you happy?" —She said, "I am." "Would you wish to *die?*"—She answered, "Yes." "Tell me,

why?"—She replied, "Because I am going to Heaven." "How will you get there?"—She humbly said, "through the blood of the Lord Jesus." Her head having reclined on her chest, I put my hand to her forehead to support it; but she said, "Let me rest it on my chest, for that will be better." At this moment I looked, and saw him who, with her, was about to enter eternity, I scarcely knew him, he was so much improved in his appearance. He stood erect; his eyes expanded and bright—while a calm heavenly smile beamed from his fine pale countenance, as he prayed in the words of Stephen the dying Martyr, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"—(Acts vii. 59.) I repeated the words in the hearing of her whose weak body we were supporting. Her lips moved, and my ear caught the whispers of her soul as they ascended to Heaven, and those whispers were—"Lord! into thy hands I commit my spirit."—"Lord Jesus! receive my spirit."—The signal was given, and she was assisted to the—

will not say it—awful spot. I saw them stand! I turned away, and my soul cried "Lord Jesus! receive their spirits." At eighteen minutes to three, P. M. the drop fell, and I am told by those who beheld them fall, that in a moment their sufferings were ended. When taken down, it was observed by those who saw them, that their countenances bore a sweet and placid expression.

To dispute with any man as to the *faith* in which they died, would be worse than idle — it would be mere trifling. And as soon could I, for one, be induced to doubt the existence of the sun in the firmament, while I see his cheerful light, and feel his vivifying beams, as that a work of grace was wrought in their souls—and that they were "born again"—"not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of man, but of God." (John i. 13.)

The following is extracted from one of *the Carlow* papers:—

EXECUTION OF LUCINDA SLY AND JOHN DEMPSEY.

"On Monday, at half-past two o'clock, the above unfortunate persons underwent the extreme penalty of the law, in front of the county gaol. DEMPSEY was perfectly resigned to his fate, acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and made a full confession of the murder. His conduct before his execution was most exemplary, and, to some Gentlemen who visited him in his cell, about twelve o'clock, he declared that "*he would not change his position then for any earthly consideration! that he was certain of pardon for all his offences, through the* BLOOD OF CHRIST—*that he was never so happy since he attained the age of reason—and that as Christ pardoned the penitent thief, so he expected mercy through the all-sufficient* ATONEMENT OF HIS REDEEMER." *When his sister visited him, he preserved his usual calmness, and took his leave of her with the greatest firmness, telling* her at the

same time, that, instead of being sorrowful, she should rejoice at his fate, and his certain prospect of eternal happiness. MRS. SLY appeared *also perfectly resigned,* and was attended by the Rev. Messrs. Hare and Blood, who continued in prayer with her in the cell until she was led forth for execution; they remained with her on the scaffold to the last. DEMPSEY, on being visited by Captain Battersby, warmly shook him by the hand, and acknowledged his gratitude to him for his attention, kindness, and strict justice, throughout the entire proceedings.

"The open space in front of the gaol, and the fields opposite, were crowded from a very early hour, by an immense concourse of people. A party of the 1st Royal Dragoons, and a body of police, were drawn up in front of the gaol, and at two o'clock the culprits were led from their cells."

Here let me add some reflections. It *is delightful* to reflect upon the power of

the grace of God, in the salvation of souls. In the case of the two individuals, whose spirits, washed in the blood of the Lamb, have taken their flight to the eternal realms of celestial bliss, we have a striking exemplification of the expressive declaration of the Apostle Paul, that "where sin abounded grace did much more abound."—Rom. v. 20. In the case of DEMPSEY, we have seen the Spirit of God leading him at once to Christ alone for refuge, and this in opposition to previously formed notions. When the grace of God enlightens the mind, darkness must flee away. He saw himself a sinner of the deepest dye, and having read the Word of God, he learned that *nothing* but the precious blood of Jesus could wash away so deep a stain as sin. His soul was therefore raised above the belief of the efficiency of any external rites or ceremonies to add virtue to that omnipotent remedy. This was sufficient, and to this alone he fled; and like the wounded Israelite who looked upon the brazen

serpent, and was healed—so he looked by faith to Christ upon the cross, and the deadly poison of sin was overcome, and he obtained life, eternal life, through the Lord Jesus Christ ALONE. Hence he was led to dwell perpetually upon this glorious theme. His mind soared aloft to Christ the Sun of righteousness, and attracted by His glory, he did not contend when he knew contention would be vain.

In the case of MRS. SLY, the process of conversion was slow; but though slow, it was deep and permanent. Her mind was led gradually to embrace fully the Saviour. Her crime was great, but not too great to be forgiven. By the Spirit of God she was led to see her guilt, and therefore she abhorred herself. God gave to her the "broken heart, and the contrite spirit," (Psalm LI.) and won her soul by the constraining power of His grace. The deep penitence—the holy sorrow—the mingled tears of grief and *gratitude* for sins committed and mercy

received, evinced the goodness and loving kindness of God, unto whom nothing is impossible.

They were sinners saved by grace, from first to last, and being taught by that gracious Spirit, whose office it is to take of the things of Christ, and shew them unto the soul, they were prepared to unite in the song of redeeming grace—"Unto Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in HIS OWN BLOOD, &c. to Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever, Amen." (Rev. i. 5, 6.)

My dear friend, whoever you are, into whose hands this may come—remember, I entreat you, that a few revolving years—nay a few months, or days, or even hours, may summon you likewise into the presence of that God, whose wrath is as a consuming fire to the impenitent and unholy. Pray that grace may be given to reflect seriously on those momentous subjects—that you and I may be so taught to number our days as to *apply our hearts* unto heavenly wisdom,

and that when we pass from a world of sin to a world of spirits, we may have the blessed consolation of knowing that we have, through faith in a crucified, risen and exalted Redeemer, obtained peace with God, and a title to a mansion in that Heavenly City, into which "nothing that defileth shall enter." (Rev. xxi. 27.)

Finis.

Printed by W. J. Taylor (late Leppard), Brighton.

REVIEWS

AND

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS

OF

"Mercy to the Chief of Sinners."

"It becomes all to consider, humbly and thankfully, the evidence given of a power to save to the very uttermost all who come unto God through Jesus Christ. In the tract which we have just read, that power is described most vividly in the case of two poor human beings found guilty of murder. When the good work had proceeded in the heart of one of the culprits, he desired earnestly to see his fellow-prisoner, that he might address to her one word of exhortation before his death. This we shall give in his own language, recommending the whole account to the attention of the public, as replete with instruction and edification."—*Dublin Record.*

"We beg to direct the attention of our readers to this valuable little work, which we think well suited for circulation amongst Romanists, and indeed, amongst all classes, from its full and practical exhibition of the power of divine grace, and the efficacy of simple faith in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ."—*Christian Journal.*

"This is a very interesting and edifying tract. It appears to be written with a strict regard to facts, which, without the aid of embellishment, proclaim, in a remark-

able manner, the riches of divine grace in the apparent conversion of two hardened sinners. It deserves an extensive circulation, as a seasonable and convincing exemplification of the doctrines of grace."—*Orthodox Presbyterian.*

"We again call the attention of our readers to the little work which we before noticed. We have been informed that it has had an extensive circulation in the neighbourhood of Carlow. As the circumstances to which it relates are of a nature most likely to attract the attention of the people throughout Ireland in general, we consider its circulation might be attended with much benefit, conveying as it does a clear statement of the Gospel plan of salvation, and that too, in fair and temperate contradistinction to Romanism."—*Dublin Record.*

"This is a little publication which we consider calculated to be very useful, and which does much credit to the zeal and assiduity of the amiable and pious writer. It is an interesting narrative of rather remarkable facts, showing the power of divine truth and the riches of divine love, in the conversion of two of the most depraved characters. We are glad, for the sake of the truth which the writer advocates, that the little work has already met with an extensive circulation, 500 copies having been circulated in Carlow alone: and many of these were purchased and read by Roman Catholics. In order to give an idea of the graphic style in which the author writes, we give the following extract, which is beautifully descriptive."—*Presbyterian Magazine.*

"This is a small but valuable publication. It details one of the most striking illustrations of the power, and riches, and sovereignty of divine grace, with which we have recently met. The author enjoyed ample opportunities of marking the origin and progress of the "good work," in the hearts of the criminals whose conversion he records; and he has well and wisely improved these opportunities. The little work is happily free from all sectarian prejudice; it breathes a kind and catholic spirit towards those, for whose benefit it was written. We know of few works, of the same class, more likely to benefit, under the benediction of God, our fellow-countrymen, whether they be Romanists or merely nominal Protestants. Let the friends of truth circulate it widely—they will confer a lasting blessing on their country and kind."—*The Christian Liberator.*

"We have read the narrative entitled 'MERCY TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS' with the greatest pleasure. Its style and object are of the same class, *with the well known tract* of the 'DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER,' having the advantage of being more striking and less diffuse, and thereby better calculated to win its way among those disinclined to read religious publications. While it rivets the attention, it pours into the mind a stream of sacred truth drawn from the pure fountain of the word of life. While it illustrates, it corroborates by fact the testimony of the Holy Scriptures, and thus creates a thirst to possess and peruse that Divine Volume."—*New York Observer.*

Shortly will be Published,

THE "AMAZON."

A NARRATIVE

OF FACTS AND INCIDENTS; WITH REFLECTIONS ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ABOVE SPLENDID STEAM-SHIP BY FIRE.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM BLOOD,

One of the Survivors.

☞ The Book will be inexpensive but neatly got up, and printed in the best manner.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES ARE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED TO BE FORWARDED IMMEDIATELY TO

W. J. TAYLOR,

Bookseller,

16 & 17, EAST STREET, BRIGHTON.

WORKS BY THE

REV. WILLIAM BLOOD, M.A.,

Incumbent of Temple Grafton, Warwickshire.

1.

THE LOVE AND EXAMPLE OF CHRIST: THE STIMULUS TO PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

2.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

3.

THE CONNEXION BETWEEN FAITH AND PERSONAL SALVATION.

4.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE CHARGE OF DR. ELRINGTON, LORD BISHOP OF LEIGHLIN AND FERNS.

5.

A LETTER ON NATIONAL EDUCATION.

6.

THE RESULT OF COMBINATION IN RELIGION.

7.

MISERECORDE AU PLUS GRAND DES PECHEURS.

8.

MERCY TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS, in French and English, interleaved.

9.

SKETCH OF A VISIT TO THE INDIANS OF *ORI*ALLA, SOUTH AMERICA.

HOLMFIRTH FLOOD.

In the Press, and will be Published immediately,

In Demy 18*mo*,

"THE FLOOD CAME, AND TOOK THEM ALL AWAY."

Being the substance of a Sermon preached in Wibsey Chapel, Bradford, Yorkshire, on February 8th, 1852, the Sunday after the Holmfirth Catastrophe; after which a Collection was made in behalf of the Sufferers.

BY THE

REV. JOSHUA FAWCETT, A.M.,

Incumbent of Wibsey Chapel, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Lord Radstock.

TO WHICH IS ADDED A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE AWFUL DISASTER; OBTAINED FROM CORRECT SOURCES.

The Author desires to state that the Sermon is introduced to the public at the request and expense of an individual who is desirous to contribute towards the Fund raising for the Distressed Inhabitants of the district of Holmfirth; and that it has no claim to notice further than being a simple exposition of Gospel truth, in its adaptation to the circulation of the Neighbourhood.

☞ All the Profits will be given to the "**Holmfirth Fund.**"

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

BRIGHTON: W. J. TAYLOR (LATE LEPPARD), STATIONER, 16 & 17, EAST STREET.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES RECEIVED BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY

W. J. TAYLOR,

BRIGHTON.

1.

THE BIBLE: a Tract. In Large Type, suitable for distribution. 4 pages, Demy 8vo. Price 4s. per hundred.

2.

ON PRAYER: a Tract. In Large Type, suitable for distribution. 4 pages, Demy 8vo. Price 4s. per hundred.

3.

A CONCISE HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND GENEALOGICAL SCHOOL ATLAS, of the Principal Events in the Histories of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Italy; also, the celebrated European Treaties, Painters, &c.; arranged and compiled by HENEAGE LOUTH. Large 4to, Cloth. Price 15s. 6d.

4.

A SMALLER EDITION OF THE ABOVE, in 4to. Price 10s. 6d.

5.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME: being Seven Sermons on Domestic Duties, by the REV. F. CHALMERS, Rector of Beckenham, Kent. 16mo. Price 1s. sewed; 1s. 6d., cloth.

LATELY PUBLISHED.

A BEAUTIFUL WHITE PARIAN MODEL OF THE BAPTISMAL FONT IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF BRIGHTON: one of the oldest and most curious Fonts in England; supposed to be *of Saxon* origin. Price 10s.

BRIGHTON VIEWS,

PUBLISHED BY

W. J. TAYLOR,

BRIGHTON.

1.—VIEW OF THE PARISH CHURCH.

2.—GENERAL VIEW OF BRIGHTON.

3.—VIEW OF MARINE PARADE & PIER.

4.—VIEW OF THE OLD STEINE & PAVILION.

5.—VIEW OF THE EAST CLIFF.

6.—VIEW OF THE WEST CLIFF.

All beautifully executed in treble tinted Lithography. Imperial 4to. Price One Shilling each.

7.—THE SAME VIEWS, ON A SMALLER SCALE, on one sheet, in treble tinted Lithography. Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

8.—THE SAME VIEWS, on Note Paper. Price One Penny per sheet.

9.—VIEW OF THE FONT IN THE PARISH CHURCH. Price 6d., on tinted Paper; or 1s., on India Paper.

10—EIGHT VIEWS OF BRIGHTON. Demy 8vo. In one Book, with neat cover. Price Ninepence.

11.—ELEVEN VIEWS OF BRIGHTON. Demy 8vo. In one Book, with neat cover. Price One Shilling.

12.—ABOUT TWENTY VIEWS, on Letter Paper. Price Twopence per sheet.